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OR

EDINBURGH AMUSEMENT.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15. 1779.

MEMOIRS *of* SIR CHARLES HARDY, ADMIRAL *of the* WHITE.

AS the preſent Commander in Chief of the Fleet, from the nature and importance of the ſervice which depends on his management, is now become the object of public attention, we ſhall gratify that curioſity which ſuch a ſituation naturally excites, by giving an account of the principal events of his life.

Sir CHARLES HARDY is of a family which hath contributed to uphold the luſtre of Engliſh bravery. He was related to Sir Thomas Hardy, an Admiral who had ſignalized himſelf in the reign of Queen Anne, and whoſe exploits are ſet forth on his Monument in Weſtminſter Abbey. The father of the preſent Sir Charles bore the ſame name and honour, and died Vice-Admiral of the Red, on the 27th day of November, 1744. From the connection which the family had with the navy, the deſtination of the preſent Admiral will be naturally accounted for. He was early devoted to the ſea ſervice; but there being in his youth no hoſtilities in Europe, the firſt part of his life paſſed in the mere common occurrences of a ſea life, without being marked with any tranſactions of importance. He roſe, however, gradually in his profeſſion, and ſoon after the breaking out of the Spaniſh war in 1739, received a Captain's commiſſion, which bore date the 10th of Auguſt 1741.

It is from this period that we are to look for any ſignal exploits in his life; but though he ſeems to have been in commiſſion during the whole time that the war continued, yet he had not the good fortune to be placed where any opportunity preſented of being able to ſignalize himſelf, or to perform one act worthy of being recorded. We do not mention this circumſtance as reflecting any diſhonour on his character, as we are convinced that many an able and brave officer has been in this reſpect equally unfortunate. To conduct the buſineſs which is entruſted to his care by the ſtate with attention and diligence, is all that ought to be expected from any commander, ſucceſs and favourable occaſions for exertion being but ſeldom in his power. On his promotion to command, he was firſt appointed to the Vulture ſloop, from thence in 1744 to the Bridgewater, and in the year 1745 to the Jerſey. While he commanded this ſhip, he was obliged to ſubmit his conduct to

the enquiry of a court-martial, on complaints made againſt him, that he had neglected to take care of ſome ſhips under his convoy. This, however, in the end, inſtead of injuring his reputation, contributed to raiſe it, the charges being found to be totally groundleſs, and he was therefore acquitted with honour.

In the *piping time of peace* which ſucceeded the war, he engaged in matrimony with the only daughter of Bartholomew Tate, of Delapree, in Northamptonſhire. This happened in July 1749; and there being then no employment in the naval ſervice, he enjoyed the comforts of domeſtic life until the month of January 1755, when he was appointed Captain-General and Governor of New-York, in the place of Sir Danvers Oſborn, and about the ſame time received the honour of knighthood.

Hoſtilities ſoon after commencing between the French and Engliſh, we find him in January 1758 hoiſting his flag on board the Captain, in order to ſail for New-York. On the 7th of February he was advanced to be Rear admiral of the White, and in July he joined Admiral Boſcawen, then before Louiſbourg, with whom he co-operated in carrying forward the ſiege of that place, and, in common with the reſt of his brave aſſociates, received the thanks of his ſuperiors, and of the nation at large. In January 1759 (his firſt wife being dead) he entered a ſecond time into the marriage-ſtate with Miſs Stanyan, and in February became Vice Admiral of the White. In November this year, he was ſecond in command on board the Union of 90 guns when Sir Edward Hawke fought and defeated Conflans in Quiberon Bay; but even here he was prevented from getting into the engagement, by the impetuoſity of his ſuperior officer, who gained a complete victory with only part of his ſquadron. On this occaſion juſtice requires it ſhould be remarked, that Sir Charles exhibited every mark of impatience, even to hazarding the ſafety of his ſhip, to come up with the enemy; and there is no doubt would have executed his part with as much gallantry as any of thoſe who immortalized their names on that glorious day, had he been able to have got his ſhip up in time. During the next year he remained with Sir Edward Hawke, in the ſame ſtation, watching the French ſhips which had eſcaped from the victors up the river Vilaine.

Peace was ſoon after reſtored to Europe; and Sir Charles Hardy, with many other officers, being no longer wanted, retired again to the duties of a private life. The gout, to which he is ſubject, ſoon afterwards made great inroads on his conſtitution, and he accepted the government of Greenwich hoſpital, as a retreat for his old age, not expecting, nor, it is imagined, deſired to be called forth again into public ſervice. In October 1770 he was appointed Admiral of the White; and on the diſguſt which the trial of Admiral Keppel had excited in the navy, the miniſtry were obliged to look out for a perſon to give the command of the fleet to. On this occaſion they fixed their eyes on Sir Charles, and it may be aſſerted that their choice was not badly made. The ſtricteſt ſcrutiny would be certain to take place into every part of his character, and the event proved it. In times like the preſent, it is no ſmall recommendation that neither ſcandal nor party could fix any imputation or charge againſt him. The only circumſtance which bore the face of a probable objection aroſe from his age and infirmities, both which were certainly againſt that exertion and activity of mind and body which the ſituation of a Commander in Chief ſeems to require. Though he accepted his preſent poſt under difficulties which would have deterred many officers from undertaking it, he has behaved in a manner ſufficiently ſpirited to obtain ſome degree of confidence among the ſeamen. In the courſe of the laſt ſummer, when he had fallen in with the combined fleets, the alacrity he ſhewed to fight them, and the diſpoſitions he made, were univerſally applauded; and at this moment the current opinion is, that had he not been prevented by the arrival of a cutter, which brought a poſitive prohibition, he would have been likely to have gained a great advantage over them, notwithſtanding the ſuperiority of their numbers, as it now appears they were not well manned or provided with neceſſaries.

To ſum up the character of Sir Charles Hardy in a few words, he appears to poſſeſs whatever profeſſional knowledge is requiſite in a ſeaman; that his bravery is undiſputed; that his ſkill is equally clear of exception, which might be demonſtrated from the events of laſt ſummer; not very fortunate in his opportunities of diſplaying his abilities, yet always ſhewing

enough to make it regretted that accident had ſtepped in to deprive him of his laurels. His private character is very amiable, and in the preſent diſtracted ſtate of parties, it may be concluded that the miniſtry ſhewed as much judgment in his appointment, every thing conſidered, as they have exhibited a want of it in many other acts of their adminiſtration.

[A very curious work, intitled the ROYAL REGISTER, is lately publiſhed.—It conſiſts of Sketches of Characters in the Engliſh and Scotiſh Peerage, and of ſeveral Reverend Biſhops. They are ſaid to be the private compoſitions of a great perſonage, and are wrote in a ſtile that reflects honour on the royal judgment.—We ſhall ſelect ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters, and occaſionally preſent them to our readers.]

THE ROYAL REGISTER.

With Annotations by another hand.

The EARL *of* MANSFIELD.

HOW is it that a man of the greateſt abilities, and who does not diſgrace his character by any violation of decorum or good manners, ſhould be the moſt unpopular man in the kingdom?—From what cauſe does it proceed, that one of the moſt pleaſing and accompliſhed men in his manners and converſation, ſhould be loved by ſo few, in comparſon with what might be expected from his engaging qualifications?—From whence does it ariſe, that as a judge he ſhould not give entire ſatisfaction in his own Court, and occaſion diſguſt in the breaſts of ſo many of the profeſſion?—What could induce Sir Joſeph Yates, who was an ornament to his profeſſion and his nature, and whoſe death has been juſtly conſidered as a conſtitutional loſs, to leave the Court where this nobleman preſided, and take his ſeat in another? And wherefore is it, that with all his knowledge, powers of eloquence, and abilities in debate, he frequently ſpeaks in the Houſe of Lords without the leaſt effect or conviction *?

With the greateſt regard for this Lord, with the moſt ſincere admiration of his talents, and the utmoſt confidence in his integrity, theſe are paradoxes, I muſt own, which will require ſome thought, and candour into the bargain, to reconcile to the reaſon of things: though I am of opinion, that a cool, well-inſtructed, and unprejudiced mind might contrive to unravel the buſineſs.

In the firſt place, the noble Lord is a Scotſman. This, alas! is a crime, which, in the opinion of too many, can never be forgiven.—Engliſh prejudice has, ſome how or other, annexed the moſt ſtrange ideas of ſelfiſh and narrow diſpoſitions to every perſon who firſt drew his breath on the other ſide of the Tweed, which, if the ſuſpicions were well founded, would juſtify, nay, demand the greateſt caution that the moſt circumſpect could uſe in their communications with their northern countrymen.—But even if we ſhould ſuppoſe this national prejudice againſt the Scots to be more juſtifiable than I can poſſibly think it, there does not appear to be any thing in the character or conduct of the great man who is the ſubject of my preſent conſideration, which can be the particular object of it.

Among the many accuſations againſt him which have reached my ears, popular clamour, I believe, has not dared to inſinuate, that he has been guilty of any official partialities in favour of his countrymen; though I ſhould not wonder, if many a wrong-headed Engliſhman has been of that opinion, when even a truly wiſe and juſt determination has been made againſt him in favour of a North Briton.—In private life, he may have protected thoſe of northern birth whom he thought worthy of protection; and in this he had a right to uſe his own pleaſure: beſides, he might think it an indiſpenſible act of juſtice and humanity to patronize and encourage genius in thoſe whoſe country would render them ſo univerſally obnoxious in this.

He has been accuſed of a very ſelfiſh partiality and friendſhip for certain celebrated Architects. If, indeed, it could be proved, that the public lottery, calculated for their benefit, was contrived by him with the ſole view of paying himſelf the large ſums which he had advanced them, ſuch a conduct would merit a very ſevere and public reprehenſion.—But I cannot think it.—The part he took in this ſcheme might ariſe from an union of private friendſhip, private intereſt, and public benefit, which, ſurely, muſt be allowed to compoſe a very perfect and laudable motive to any action. Beſides,

* *Theſe queſtions are very well put, and might be ſatisfactorily anſwered; but not by the Perſonage who has undertaken it.*

I think the acknowledged abilities and unmerited misfortunes of theſe men, ſhould check all ſuſpicion againſt thoſe who patronized them in their proſperity, and concerted the means of extricating them from their adverſity.

Genius is of every country, and will force its way to notice, and, if well directed, to reputation, wherever it may be exerted, though in a country the moſt diſtant from that which gave it birth.—It cannot be denied, that, at this time, the meritorious induſtry of the Scottiſh nation deſerves praiſe and encouragement from every member of the Britiſh empire.—In all profeſſions, whether ſedentary or active, they may be ſeen raiſing themſelves to eminence by their perſevering induſtry. The annals of modern literature owe very much of their ſplendour to the works and abilities of men born beyond the Tweed; and in both naval and military employments they have added to the celebrity of Britiſh fame.

It is impoſſible, therefore, that any juſtifiable reaſon can be aſſigned why the ſucceſsful endeavours of theſe ſubjects of the common empire ſhould be harraſſed with the envy and oppoſition of thoſe who inhabit the moſt conſiderable part of it; eſpecially when ſuch open encouragement is given to the inhabitants of a neighbouring kingdom, which is the natural and profeſſed enemy of this country. But it may be the temper of the times to prefer thoſe who adminiſter to the luxuries, extravagance, and follies of the age, though they ſhould be our enemies, to thoſe of our own country, whoſe laborious endeavours and ingenious inventions are only directed to private or public utility.

If national partiality ſhould pervade the character of the public officer, and influence him to unjuſt or partial deciſions, he would be highly criminal, and deſerve the ſevereſt puniſhments of the law which he had diſgraced. But, in private life, every man, ſurely, has the abſolute liberty of chuſing his friends, making his preferences, appointing his ſervants, or employing his artiſans, from whence, and from whom he may think proper, without the leaſt imputation.—If the public liberty afforded by the laws ſhould be attended with ſuch a reſtraint upon the freedom of private life, it would not be worth the trouble of preſerving.

After all, whatever may be the national prejudice which is attributed with ſo much ſarcaſm and rancour to the Scots, it is not without its influence in the Engliſh and Iriſh nations: nay, do we not find it to prevail in provincial diſtricts and profeſſional characters? The inhabitants of a city or county feel, in general, for many very natural and obvious reaſons, this prepoſſeſſion to operate in favour of a fellow-citizen or countryman; nor is it leſs common among the ſame trade or profeſſion, where particular claſhing intereſts do not inflame them into rivalſhip or competition †.

If two men, equally qualified, were to offer themſelves to a naval captain for any occaſional employment, and he ſhould diſcover that one of them had been a ſailor, I have not the leaſt doubt but that circumſtance would make him fix at once on the perſon he ſhould employ; nay, I am rather diſpoſed to believe, that it would form a balance in favour of the ſeaman, though the other ſhould be the ſuperior workman. A ſoldier would be actuated by the ſame prepoſſeſſion; nor would it be without its effect in an inhabitant of Norwich or of Yorkſhire ‡.

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† *To this prejudice the city of London ſtands indebted for the Manſion-houſe of its Lord Mayor; a building which, in whatever view it may be conſidered, whether as to ſituation, internal convenience, external beauty, or architectural merit, is a diſgrace to our metropolis, as well as to our national taſte. The architect was a Liveryman of London, and an officer in the ſervice of the corporation; and this was the only reaſon why his plan was adopted, in preference to many very elegant and beautiful deſigns of ſtrangers, whoſe genius would have done honour to the city of London, or any city in Europe. However, they have ſince made ſome amends for their partial proceedings, by the appointment of a* Scotſman *to build the Bridge at Black-friars.*

‡ This kind of reaſoning is by no means to be wondered at in the perſon who may be ſuppoſed to purſue it.—However, for the information of the reader, I ſhall endeavour to trace what has been ſo vehemently called Engliſh Prejudice to its true cauſe, without entering upon the invidious taſk of examining the

Notwithſtanding the injuſtice of the motive, I am well convinced that national prejudice is the principal cauſe of this great man's want of popularity: and the ſame reaſon may, in ſome degree, be aſſigned why he is not a favourite among his own profeſſion, or in the Court where he preſides: Though, perhaps, his wonderful ſagacity, which ſo ſoon ſees through chicane and artifice, and brings matters to a quick, and oftentimes an undeſired concluſion, may be an unpleaſant circumſtance to the profeſſing pleaders.

The ſtep which Sir Joſeph Yates thought proper to take, not long before he died, of changing his official ſituation, might have ariſen from circumſtances which reflected no diſhonour either on himſelf or the learned ſages from whom he choſe to ſeparate. His ill and declining ſtate of health might diſpoſe him to leave a Court where there was ſuch a glut of buſineſs, for one of leſs fatigue, trouble,

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general conduct of the Scots nation after they have left their own country, and are ſettled in this.

Every Engliſhman who is informed of the conſtitution of this country well knows, and glories in knowing, the common and united rights of every ſubject of Great Britain. Nor will any man of knowledge, taſte, and erudition deny, that Britiſh literature has received uncommon celebrity from the labours of Scottiſh writers. The hiſtory of the laſt war will afford very ſignal proofs of the bravery of the Scots in fighting the battles of their country at large; and the common experience of every man in active life muſt inform him of their activity, perſeverance, and indefatigable induſtry. Theſe are circumſtances belonging to the Scots which every one knows, and will, from candid and liberal men, receive applauſe and encouragement. It is not therefore their literary fame, their military valour, their matchleſs induſtry, or any clauſe in the Act of Union, which has awakened ſo much diſguſt towards the Scots, as has appeared within theſe laſt fifteen years in the Engliſh nation; but it was that mortifying preference which the influence of a Scots favourite and miniſter produced in behalf of his own countrymen, to the prejudice and diſgrace of many of the beſt and moſt able men in the Engliſh nation.

It is natural to ſuppoſe, that the very idea of ſuch a partiality as this would be very diſtreſſing to a people who idolized their King; and the conſequence cannot be conſidered as ariſing from prejudice, when Lord B—e did not think proper to uſe even the leaſt precaution in confirming their apprehenſions. This preference to the Scots did not win its way by ſlow and imperceptible degrees, but was ſudden, determined, and perſevering. It was boldly adopted on the very firſt moment of power; it burſt upon us at once, and almoſt ove-flowed the Engliſh court. It occaſioned Mr Finch, the then Vice-chamberlain, to ſhake his head, and declare, not a month after the death of the late King, "That he hardly knew a face in the drawing room, and that the few he could recollect were ſuch as would not have dared to appear even in the capital, much leſs at court, during the reign of his late royal maſter."

The Engliſh perceived now, that to be Scotſman was the beſt, if not the only recommendation to the favours of the crown: and it was this open and ill-judged partiality to the Scots and the Jacobite party, which the ſuperior powers daily diſcovered and increaſed, that awakened a ſpirit of diſguſt againſt the inhabitants of the north, almoſt equal to that which inflamed the breaſt of every real Engliſhman, when they came to attack and threatened to deſtroy that crown by which they were now protected, encouraged, and lavithly rewarded.

The very morning on which the late King died, I had been walking early in Hyde park, and was one of the firſt who was made acquainted with the melancholy event. On my return through the Green-park, I met an elderly well-dreſſed gentleman, who deſired to know if I could give him any information as to the truth of the report which he had juſt heard. On my confirmation of it, he replied, "it is of little conſequence to one ſo old as I am, what are the changes and chances of human affairs, particularly of courts, where the worſt are tranſacted: but, Sir, continued he, you are young, and will often, I am ſure, have occaſion to remember and apply this obſervation,—*That from henceforth happy will be the man who is born a Scotſman.*"

The ſucceeding events proved the truth of this old gentleman's vaticination;

and continued attendance.——Beſides, there may be circumſtances of diſagreement between men of equal merit and ability, without the leaſt deſerved imputation on their diſpoſitions or their integrity.

The narrow line which the law pleader is obliged to take, and to which he muſt, by length of practice, be greatly habituated, will tend to diminiſh the brighteſt flame of eloquence, and muſt, in time, give a check to the boldeſt ſpirit of oratory. It is owing to a cloſe confinement in the trammels of law, that lawyers, in general, do not ſhine as parliamentary ſpeakers; and though this nobleman's oratorical talents cannot be ſubdued, they may have loſt ſome of their general powers and energies by the habits of profeſſional ſpeaking, and the ſameneſs of profeſſional ſubjects.

That Lord M——f——d is deſtitute of courage, I cannot think or believe. It ſeems to me impoſſible that a man who has uniformly oppoſed the tumults of popular opinion, and never counted, by any temporiſing compliance, the ſmiles of popularity, ſhould be deſtitute of this virtue. That he has been conſiſtent, his enemies ſeem to acknowledge; and conſiſtency, in his high office, and in ſuch varying times and tempers as he has experienced for theſe fifteen or ſixteen years, is, in my opinion, a proof of the moſt conſummate courage. To be ready on all occaſions to exerciſe violence, or to draw the ſword, is more frequently a proof of raſhneſs than of the oppoſite virtue. And I cannot but think, that the man who, by moderate counſels, cool reaſoning, and convincing argument, oppoſes and corrects the raſh propoſitions of haſty and violent men, gives a more uſeful and virtuous proof of bravery, than he who dyes his ſword in the blood of his enemies.

However, after all, the ſtrongeſt are but weak,—the beſt are liable to error,—the moſt enlightened underſtandings are ſometimes clouded,—and the wiſeſt are not free from folly.—Such, alas! is human nature!

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and it was a general ſimilarity of opinion, ariſing from the circumſtances already mentioned, that rouſed the ſlighted Engliſh into a diſdain, and almoſt hatred of the Scots people. If, therefore, the dying embers of diſcord have been revived between the two nations; if the moſt mortifying partialities are avowed, and willing diſtinctions made in this country, to the prejudice and injury of the Scots; they, and thoſe who favour them, ſhould look to the true cauſe of the miſchief, in the daring, inconſiderate, and haſty manner in which Lord B—e led on his countrymen to poſſeſs, and, as it were, ſeize and appropriate to their own uſe the milk and honey of the Engliſh Canaan.

It is not, therefore, to Engliſh prejudice, but to their own hungry impatience, abetted by the unreflecting, impaſſioned partiality of a Scots miniſter of ſtate, that they owe the ill-will of the Engliſh nation. Indeed, he truly deſerves the odium of both countries. He awakened, by his ambition and his ignorance, their ſlumbering animoſities, and, in the courſe of a ſhort, but tyrannical and oppreſſive adminiſtration, which was one continued tiſſue of blunders, he contrived to eaſe his Sovereign of more popularity than almoſt any of his predeceſſors ever poſſeſſed; and in ſo compleat a manner, as to prevent all apparent poſſibility of his ever regaining any part of it.

ACCOUNT *of Mr* BOWER'S ESCAPE *from the* INQUISITION *at* MACERATA, *in* Italy. [P. 250.]

WHEN we conſider Mr Bower's very diſagreeable ſituation, we cannot be ſurpriſed that he ſhould project his eſcape, an adventure the moſt deſperate that ever man undertook. The manner of it was all he now diſputed: He reſolved, at laſt, to aſk leave to go to Loretto; and for that purpoſe waited on the Inquiſitor ſeveral times; but conſcious of his own deſign, whenever he attempted to ſpeak, he apprehended the words would faulter on his tongue, and his very confuſion betray him, ſo that he ſtill returned as he went. Till one day being by chance in a familiar converſation with him, he came out with it at once,—"My Lord, it is long ſince I was at Loretto; will your Lordſhip give me leave to go thither for a week?" With all my heart, ſays he.—One may judge of the anxiety of a mind filled with a project of ſuch importance; and that he added this to the many ſleepleſs nights he had had. Having all his matters in readineſs, and his valuable papers, (among which was the directory), all in the lining of his cloaths and about himſelf; when the horſe he

had hired and ordered early in the morning was come to the door, he carried down his portmanteau and faſtened it on himſelf. As he was mounting, he told the man he did not know whether he ſhould like his horſe or no; that he was a very bad horſeman, and aſked what he valued him at, in caſe he ſhould not like him? The man told him, and he gave him the money, and ſet forward, having two loaded piſtols concealed about him, in caſe of any exigence, being reſolved never to be taken alive. The method he had fixed on was to take all the bye-roads through the Adriatic into Switzerland, which was four hundred miles before he could get out of the Pope's dominions, and he knew the road only for about one hundred and fifty. When he had got about ten miles, without meeting a ſoul, he was at a place where the two ways met, one of which led to Loretto, the other the way he propoſed going. Here he ſtood ſome minutes in the moſt profound perplexity. The dreadful alternative appeared now in the ſtrongeſt view: and he was even tempted to quit his darling project as impracticable, and ſo turn to Loretto; but at laſt, collecting all the force of his ſtaggering reſolution, he boldly puſhed his horſe into the contrary road, and, at that inſtant, he ſays he left all his fears behind him.

It was in the month of April he ſet out. For the firſt ſeventeen days he did not go above a hundred miles; ſo terrible were the ways, he was obliged to take among the mountains, thick woods, rocks, and precipices;--generally no better path than a ſheep track, and ſometimes not that. Whenever he met any body, which was ſeldom, he pretended he had loſt his way, and enquired for the high road, to avoid ſuſpicion. For he very well knew that as ſoon as ever they miſſed the papers he had conveyed, or had any other reaſon to ſuſpect his eſcape, they would diſpatch expreſſes every way where they could expect to hear any thing of him, and uſe every other poſſible method to have him taken; and thoſe expreſſes actually were one hundred miles before him in a very ſhort time. In ſhort, ſo amazing were the hazards he ran, and the hardſhips he underwent, that it is not eaſy to ſay whether thoſe who heard him relate them were more rejoiced or ſurpriſed to ſee him ſafe by an Engliſh fire-ſide.

During theſe ſeventeen days he ſupported himſelf with a little goat's milk he had got of a ſhepherd, and ſometimes a little coarſe victuals he had purchaſed of ſome people he met with, who came to cut wood; and his horſe with what graſs he could find for him; always chuſing his ſleeping place where there was moſt ſhelter for himſelf, and graſs for the poor beaſt. Till at the end of this time (having faſted till the noon of the third day) he was obliged to ſtrike into the high road, and go to the firſt houſe he came at, which happened to be a poſt-houſe, and had juſt one little room where gentlemen ſtayed till their horſes were changed. He aſked the landlady for ſome victuals, and looking about, ſaw a paper paſted above the door, which proved the moſt juſt and minute deſcription of himſelf; with a reward of ſix hundred pound to any that ſhould bring him alive to the Inquiſition, and three hundred pound for his head. This was terrible enough, eſpecially as there were two country men in the room he was obliged to go into. He endeavoured to hide his face as much as he could by rubbing it with his handkerchief, and blowing his noſe, &c. And when he had got into the room, and looking out of the window, one of the fellows ſays, This gentleman cares not to be known. Mr Bower thought there was nothing for it but to brave it out; ſo turning to him, put his handkerchief in his pocket, dropt down his hands, and ſaid to him boldly, "You raſcal! what do you mean? What have I done that I fear to be known? Look at me, you villain." He made no reply, but got up, nodded to his companion, who likewiſe looked at him, and both walked out together. Mr Bower watched them at the window, but a corner obſtructed his view for a few minutes. He ſpied them at length with two or three more, all in cloſe conference. This had a ſad appearance for him; there was not a moment to be loſt, ſo he drew out his piſtols, put one in his ſleeve, and with the other cocked in his hand, marched into the ſtable, and without ſaying a word, mounted his horſe, and rode off very fortunately. They wanted either courage or preſence of mind to purſue him, for they certainly knew him by the deſcription. He was obliged to take into the woods again, where he muſt ſoon have famiſhed with hunger; but by the direction of a kind providence, he met

with ſome wood-cutters that night, when he was almoſt fainting, who ſupplied him with ſome excellent proviſions. Here he wandered for ſome time in ſuch ways, that he was obliged to aſſiſt his horſe more than he could do him, clearing the path, and walking on foot, and leading him; till at laſt he was quite out of his depth, and night coming on, he laid him down, in a diſconſolate condition, one may well imagine, having no ſort of gueſs where he was, or which way he ſhould go. When day began to break he perceived himſelf upon a ſmall eminence, from whence he diſcerned a town at a diſtance, which he found to be ſome very conſiderable one, by the many ſteeples, ſpires, &c. which he diſcovered. Tho' this gave him ſome ſatisfaction, yet it was accompanied with terror, as he could not imagine what place it was, and might hazard going into the road; however in he went, and by the firſt perſon he met, he was informed it was Lucern. This was ſhocking news; here no leſs formidable a man than the Pope's nuncio reſided, to and from whom all the expreſſes concerning him had gone and come. This road would not do for him, ſo the moment his informer was out of ſight he left it, and once more betook himſelf to the mountains, where he traverſed up and down for ſome time longer, pinched with hunger and cold, and perplexed with uncertainty where he was going. One diſmal, dark, and wet night, he could neither find ſhelter where he was, nor path to go farther, till after groping about a long while, he perceived a little light at a diſtance, which he endeavoured to make towards; and with the utmoſt difficulty found a foot path, but that ſo narrow and uneven, without a glimpſe to direct him, that he was forced to feel with one foot a great way before he durſt move the other. At laſt he reached the place from whence the light came, which proved a poor little cottage; here he knocked and called, till one looked out from the top of the houſe, as he thought, and aſked who he was, and what brought him there?—Mr Bower ſaid, he was a ſtranger, and had loſt his way: Way, replied the man, here is no way to loſe. "Why where, ſays Mr Bower, am I?" "In the canton of Bern."—"Thank God I am in the canton of Bern!" in rapture, ſaid Mr Bower. "Thank God you are! (replied the man); but for God's ſake how came you here?" Mr Bower begged he ſhould come down and open the door, and he would tell him. He did ſo, when Mr Bower aſked him if he had heard any thing of a perſon who had eſcaped from the inquiſition. "Aye, heard of him! we have all heard of him: there is ſuch a ſending expreſſes, and ſo much noiſe about him. God grant he may be ſafe, added he, and keep him out of their hands." "I am, ſaid Mr Bower, the very perſon." The man, tranſported with joy, claſped him in his arms, kiſſed him, and after many other expreſſions of kindneſs, ran to call his wife, who came with all the pleaſure imaginable in her countenance, and making one of her beſt courteſies, kiſſed his hand. Her huſband ſpoke Italian, as moſt of the borderers do, but ſhe could not, and Mr Bower did not underſtand Swiſs, which obliged him to make his compliments in dumb-ſhew, or by the huſband. They both expreſſed great concern that they had no better accomodation for him, if they had had a bed for themſelves he ſhould have had it; however he ſhould have very clean ſtraw, and what covering they had. But firſt the goodman haſted to get off his wet cloaths, and wrapped ſomething about him till they were dry, and the wife to get ready what victuals they had, which they lamented (probably for the firſt time) were no better than a little ſour krout, and a few new laid eggs. A new laid egg, Mr Bower ſaid, was a delicacy, and no doubt it was at that time, and in ſuch good company. There were three eggs ſerved up with the krout, out of which he made a very confortable meal, and afterwards enjoyed what one may properly call a repoſe, for it was quiet and ſecure. As ſoon as he began to ſtir in the morning, in came the good Swiſs and his wife (who had been long up, but would not move for fear of diſturbing him) to know how he had reſted: the dreſſed in her holiday-cloaths. After they had obliged him to breakfaſt upon two eggs, which the wife had reſerved out of her ſtock for that purpoſe, the huſband ſet out with him to ſhew him the road to Bern, which town was not a great way off; but would firſt inſiſt on taking him back a little to ſhew him the way he had come the night before. Mr Bower did not much like this; the man perceiving his doubt, chid him for diſtruſting that providence which had ſo wonderfully preſerved him, and ſoon convinced him that he only wanted to

increaſe his dependance upon it for the future, by ſhewing him the danger he had been in and eſcaped. For when they came to the place, he ſaw that he had walked, and his horſe too, where it was ſcarce of the breadth of the horſe, and a dreadful precipice on each ſide, enough to make him ſhudder to look at. The man made ſo many juſt and pious reflections upon this occaſion, that Mr Bower was both charmed and ſurpriſed. He went with him ſome miles in the road to Bern, nor left him till he was out of danger of loſing his way; and then with a thouſand good wiſhes took his leave. And ſo truly does religion refine and correct the ſentiments, that when Mr Bower offered him ſomething, he, notwithſtanding his extreme poverty, obſtinately refuſed it, ſaying he had his reward in being any ways inſtrumental to his ſafety; yet Mr Bower forced ſomething upon him, as he could not otherwiſe juſtify it to himſelf. Mr Bower ſays, that, in general, the proteſtants who border on the papiſts are remarkably zealous.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A VISION *—By a young Gentleman.*

——Somnia narras,
Quæ moveant animum.
MART. Lib. vii. Ep. 53.

AS I was ſet in my great chair the other night, after reading *Lucian's Auction of Lives*, with the wit of which I was not a little diverted, in the midſt of a train of thought I inſenſibly fell aſleep, when fancy preſented to me the following viſion.

Methought there was a general auction proclaimed, a large room choſen, and an aërial auctioneer preſented himſelf to ſell furniture for the mind, of every ſort.

The firſt thing he expoſed to ſale was Vice; but the company being well furniſhed with that commodity, none was bought.

He then put up Virtue; and, after having, according to cuſtom, enlarged upon its excellencies, immediately a confuſed murmur ran through the room. Every one admired the beauties of it, and recommended it to his friend, as exceedingly uſeful and neceſſary; but ſtill I was ſurpriſed, that, amidſt ſuch general admiration, nobody bid for it. At laſt a feeble, ſqueaking voice offered a large price: I enquired who it was, and found it to be an old ſinner of fourſcore. As nobody bid more, he carried it off; but as he was ſo exceeding ill and weak, it was not likely he lived to make uſe of it.

Good Senſe was the next expoſed to ſale. I expected that would have been immediately contended for, as I knew it was ſcarce; but I was miſtaken.—While I was wondering at this univerſal ſilence (my candid reader knows what he muſt attribute it to), I ſaw a certain author, ſurrounded by his friends, who were perſuading him to get it; he looked angry at their ſolicitations, but to get rid of them offered a ſum for it, with ſuch an air, however, as ſhewed he thought his money thrown away in a needleſs purchaſe.—It was his without contention; but I was extremely delighted (nor was I the only one) with the conſequence: for he had no ſooner got good ſenſe into his poſſeſſion, than he looked like one amazed, and immediately running up to a fire that was in the room, pulled out a large bundle of papers, and threw them into it. As they lay there, I could plainly ſee what they were, but I beg to be excuſed diſcovering any more of them, than in one leaf I ſaw the words *Modern Critic* in capitals. When they were conſumed, he looked very well pleaſed, and vowed he would never ſet pen to paper again.

Modeſty came next, and I was pleaſed to ſee a young officer purchaſe it, and immediately retire with a becoming bluſh upon his countenance.

An Atheiſt ſet up a loud laugh at Religion appearing next; but bid for it, becauſe, as he ſaid, he was reſolved to expoſe the phantom to the world. As the auctioneer delivered her to him, ſeeing him ſurpriſed at her extraordinary beauty, he aſſured him, that a few hours ſerious converſation and intimate acquaintance with her, would make him relinquiſh his ill opinion, and fix him one of her great admirers.

At ſight of Heathen Morality, which was next put up, all the company ſeemed to admire her ſize, her majeſtic port, and an air of ſolemn grandeur, that ſeemed ſettled in her countenance; ſhe looked with great dignity, and appeared to view the world with a contempt, which yet, methought, did not appear real. However, ſo generally was ſhe admired, that many bid largely for her; but one man, I obſerved, ſeemed reſolved

upon the purchaſe. Upon enquiry who he was, I was informed he went by the name of *Philoſopher Square;* he at laſt obtained her, and went eagerly to graſp his prize, as he thought, when, behold! —*Fruſtra compreſſa manus effugit imago*, ſhe eluded his graſp, and diſcovered herſelf to be but an airy phantom.

Our auctioneer immediately produced Chriſtian Morality; and, if the company were delighted with the ſight of the above-mentioned phantom, with this angelic appearance they were raviſhed; love, compaſſion, mercy, and a thouſand beauties bloomed on her looks, and beamed from every heaven-formed feature. While we were taken up in admiring this heavenly maid, the auctioneer preſented her to the company voluntarily, with an aſſurance that the great God of heaven and earth had ſent that glorious being to inform our minds, to rectify our paſſions, and to make us capable of an eternity of happineſs.

After many more which I have forgot, Philoſophy was propoſed for ſale; ſhe had an agreeable aſpect, and ſeemed worth obtaining. A ſerious, grave man, bought her, and went to take her, when, to the great ſurpriſe of all, ſhe ſlipped from him, and fled with incredible ſwiftneſs. The purchaſer, unwilling to loſe his prize, purſued, and we ſoon loſt ſight of them; but the auctioneer aſſured us it would be impoſſible for him to overtake, or even long to keep her in ſight.

Upon this he offered Real Wildom. A modeſt-looking youth ſeemed greatly enamoured of her, and obtained her; upon his receiving her, ſhe preſented him with a label, on which was this inſcription:

——Not to know at large of things remote
From uſe, obſcure and ſubtile; but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wiſdom; what is more is fume,
Or emptineſs, or fond impertinence;
And renders us in things that more concern
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and ſtill to ſeek.

Many other things of this ſort were diſpoſed of, when on a ſudden a little caſe was diſcovered, which when opened proved to be a library conſiſting of but few books, at the head of which was the Bible. I am before a Chriſtian company, ſays the auctioneer, ſo I need not recommend this divine book. Here are ſome treatiſes of morality too, ſelected from the multitude that are written more to ſhew the parts of the authors, than to inform the mind of the reader. For books of entertaiment and improvement united, continues he, *The Spectators* are firſt to be recommended; here they are—and lifted them to view. Here too is the moral *Clariſſa*, and the more agreeable *Tom Jones*.

I could with pleaſure have ſeen his further furniture for the mind produced; but here unluckily I nodded, and dropping my *Lucian* out of my hand, the fall of it awoke me.

MOMUS: *or, The* LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

The ALARMS *of a* VILLAGE.

IT is not a little diverting to obſerve the airs which moſt people aſſume from their own *ſuppoſed* importance, and to maſk the uneaſineſs which they endure when their vanity is mortified, and when their pride is affronted.

I was exceedingly amuſed a few days ago, by falling into company with a ſet of people who thought themſelves of too much *conſequence* to be happy.

Having ſome buſineſs with a gentleman who lives within a few miles of the metropolis, I went one morning laſt week, in compliance with a regular invitation, to breakfaſt with him. I found the family aſſembled round the tea-table, and the maſter of the houſe with the Morning-Poſt in his hand.

When the firſt ſalutations were over, I aſked him what news he had to communicate, as I had not, by leaving my apartments at ſo early an hour, ſeen any of the *Papers*.

"News! (replied he, repeating the word *ſtrongly*); I don't know any that may be depended upon. Our fleets are always in ſight of the French, and never give them battle; while they, on the other hand, are always ſaid to be embarking their men in tranſports, and yet never ſtir out of Breſt harbour. The war will not be at an end in a hurry at this lingering rate; and conſequently the ruin of the nation is inevitable."

"Pſhaw!—(cried his ſiſter, a maiden lady on the *ſhady* ſide of forty, interrupting him with ſome eagerneſs)—What ſignifies what becomes of the nation, when we muſt be quite undone, and our characters loſt for ever, if we are ex-

poſed in this manner in the public papers to the view of the whole world."

Here I opened both my ears and my eyes; for I confeſs I could not comprehend the meaning of this ſpeech; not imagining that the private inhabitants of a little obſcure village could furniſh any matter worthy of the attention of the editor of a newſpaper, as people muſt make themſelves pretty conſpicuous and remarkable to be fairly entitled to public abuſe. However, it appeared that an article or two, from the ſcarcity of true intelligence, or from want of more important matter at this dead time of the year, had found their way into this paper; and as they contained ſtrokes which ſeemed applicable to a part of the neighbourhood, the reſt of the inhabitants had very kindly fixed the ſatire upon them. This good-natured mode of proceeding gave a general alarm through the whole village, which was ſoon, like *Plymouth* ſome time ago, *in an uproar*. In conſequence of theſe violent commotions among the neighbours, the maiden lady above mentioned declared, that ſhe could not take the moſt innocent evening walk in the adjacent fields with a man in moonlight, without having it advertiſed in the papers.

"Nor I (added one of the female viſitors who came in after me)—I cannot venture to go to church in my beſt new bonnet, for fear it ſhould attract ſo much envy from the reſt of the congregation, as to occaſion their ſending a ridiculous deſcription of me to the Morning-Poſt."

"And ſuppoſe they ſhould, Madam, (ſaid I, interrupting her), what would it ſignify?—You are not generally known in the world, being no conſtant frequenter of the Park in the morning, or the boxes in the evening."

"That's true (replied ſhe), but I ſhall be known by every body here."

"Well, and ſuppoſe you are (anſwered I), of what conſequence will it be to you to be diſtinguiſhed for having the moſt becoming head-dreſs in the whole church, which has only been particularly deſcribed, becauſe it excited the inſupportable envy of your neighbours, or from its being highly ornamental?"

Here the young lady bluſhed and curtſeyed to me for my compliment, while the old maid frowned and coloured, from the powerful operation of malevolence in her boſom; and ſaid, "For my part, I think every woman who attempts to make herſelf particular at church, and dreſſes to draw the eyes of the people upon her, deſerves to be very ſeverely reprimanded, and expoſed in every newſpaper in London. For my part, I never think of ſhewing my face in any congregation, and therefore always go to church in a calaſh, that I may not tempt the men, by looking at me, to neglect their duty."

A general ſmile went round the room, among the female part of the company. A middle-aged married woman then ſaid, —"People, I think, muſt have very little to talk of indeed, when they put ſuch trifling ſtuff into the papers about people's dreſs, and about what is becoming, or what is not becoming. But they go a great deal farther; they pry into the management of our families, and pretend to know what we have for dinner and ſupper; they pretend to know how many pools we play in an evening, and even tell all the town who have ſeparate beds, and who ſleeps in the ſame apartment; nay, they go ſo far as to condemn cards at large. I wonder how they would have us employ ourſelves. I am ſure that cards in the country are monſtrous innocent, and keep us from talking ſcandal."

"I muſt beg your pardon, madam, (ſaid a gentleman who had not been long in the room), I have known many a reputation torn to pieces between the deals; there is nothing more common in country places than the loſs of *ſans prendre* and a character at the ſame time."

"Well, Sir (replied ſhe), and ſuppoſe what you ſay is true, we are at liberty, I think, to loſe our characters among ourſelves, if we pleaſe; but there is no reaſon why we ſhould be expoſed in the public newſpapers."

"No, Madam! (anſwered he), not when the expoſure of ſome perſons may prevent others from the commiſſion of the ſame follies? How is folly—how is vice to be removed, if they are not expoſed?—Are not diſcourſes from the pulpit, and dramatic pieces on the ſtage, intended to exhibit our follies and vices in ſuch ſtriking colours, as to warn us againſt our continuing attached to them?"

"Very true (replied the Lady); but all this is general ſatire, and nobody has any buſineſs to take a cap that does not fit him. But while every piece of tittle-tattle relating to private families is put into the Papers, I ſay again, that ſuch a proceeding is not only very ſcandalous,

but it has a moſt pernicious tendency; for as the newſpapers are circulated, every body reads them, and fixes the abuſe contained in them upon the people they think deſerving of it—the people, perhaps, whom they wiſh to make odious by it. By this means, not only the perſon really guilty is pointed out, but a great many others are alſo pitched upon, as objects of ridicule or deteſtation, who may be entirely innocent, and undeſerving of the ſatirical paragraphs applied to them. I muſt therefore inſiſt upon it, that our news-writers have nothing to do with private characters. But if neither they nor their papers can be ſupported without the ſpirit of ſatire, invective, and defamation, let them look among the Great; —let them ſelect thoſe among the higher ranks of life, who, from their elevated ſituations, ought to ſet the moſt ſhining examples to their inferiors; let ſuch people be drawn forth and expoſed, for the good of the reſt."

"Right, Madam! (ſaid I): There is a great deal of juſtice in your propoſal; the public might be benefited, if it were properly carried into execution, and you might receive conſiderable pleaſure from the expoſure of all the Ladies and Gentlemen in high life, who degrade themſelves by the looſeneſs of their principles, and the licentiouſneſs of their actions: but you ought to conſider at the ſame time, how much the printers would expoſe themſelves to the dangers of fines, impriſonment, &c. for meddling with the higher powers; though I will allow, that many of them merit the ſevereſt correction, and ſhould be hung out *in terrorem*. However, though we are ſure that numbers deſerve to be ſeverely corrected, becauſe they are notorious offenders againſt the laws of honour and virtue, there are others who are charged with the commiſſion of vices and follies from which they are totally free. People ſhould therefore be very cautious when they ſpeak, doubly ſo when they write of characters, as there is the higheſt probability of their being miſtaken; and ſuppoſe they are not miſtaken, will it not be better to overlook, or huſh up a piece of ſcandal, than to increaſe the weight of it by a malignant circulation?"

"How, Sir! (ſaid my old maid, warmly interrupting me)—how, Sir!—would you offer to inſinuate any thing againſt reſtraining the liberty of the preſs? —For my part, were I to ſuffer ever ſo ſeverely from the envy of my own ſex, and be pulled to pieces twenty times a-day by your's, I would endure it with the greateſt patience, rather than give a ſingle hint ſo deſtructive of our liberties, the moſt diſtant idea of reſtraining the preſs. —No, Sir, whatever you may think, I am ſure, that whenever the liberty of the preſs is reſtrained, it will be all over with us. We are, indeed, in as bad a ſituation as it is poſſible for us to be; but I am happy to ſay, that we may yet both ſpeak and write what we pleaſe. And this is a very great conſolation; for I cannot form an idea more dreadful and more tyrannical, than the having any reſtraint laid on our tongues or our pens."

Here my ſpinſter having run herſelf almoſt out of breath, in defending the glorious privilege of her ſex to talk as much nonſenſe as they pleaſed, gave me no ſmall reaſon to believe, from her extreme eagerneſs to prevent an opportunity of ſpreading falſe reports, to ſuſpect her of having been the author of many. I therefore ſeized that opportunity to tell her, that the impoſſibility of ſtopping a lady's tongue in its career was ſo well known, that no rational creature would make ſo fruitleſs an attempt.—"I cannot help thinking, however (added I), that if a check could be given to that torrent of abuſe and detraction ſo fatal to the peace of many families, as well as of many innocent individuals, which has lately appeared in our newſpapers, it might prove of general utility. I am, at the ſame time, Madam, entirely of your opinion, with regard to the liberty of the preſs, and with not to ſee any improper reſtraint laid upon it. I glory in the liberty which Engliſhmen have hitherto enjoyed, and ſincerely hope that we ſhall never part with it but with our lives. Freedom, in the moſt extenſive ſenſe of the word, Madam (continued I, with a ſignificant look), appears to be yours as well as my "ſupreme delight," and we have not yet ſeemed diſpoſed to give it up to any human being whatever."

This was too much for my ſingle woman. She coloured up to the eyes, and with a moſt ſarcaſtic frown, replied, "Speak for yourſelf, Sir, I beſeech you, and leave me to give up my freedom whenever I have a mind."

As I make it a rule never to contend with an irritated female, well knowing that ſhe will always have the laſt word, I took up my hat, and went to ſettle the buſineſs I had to tranſact with my friend in his garden.

MATHEMATICAL DOUBTS.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

CONVERSING the other day with a gentleman, among other ſubjects, Mathematics came on the carpet. So rapid was the progreſs of our diſcourſe on that ſubject, that, in a few minutes, we found (I hope I ſhould not ſay loſt) ourſelves in the depths of conics, in the arms of the hyperbola.

My antagoniſt, for now the converſation reſolved itſelf into an argument, launched out with great freedom and boldneſs againſt a very much admired, and as univerſally received propoſition, viz. That which aſſerts that the aſſymptots meet not the hyberbola. This aſſertion, you may believe, I, who though not at all eminent as a mathematician, yet claſs myſelf with the *philos* of the ſcience, conſidered as an inſult and indignity offered to the corps in general, and conſequently retorted with all the ardour and confidence which a conſciouſneſs of ſuch a numerous and reſpectable body of allies upon my ſide could inſpire. But although I was not biaſſed in my opinion during the converſation, as prejudices are not moſt readily overcome by being encountered point blank, his arguments have made me a renegado to my former philoſophical faith, and as there is no medium, I am now become a proſelyte to his. The gentleman, tho' he pretends to be no adept, is far from being deſtitute of mathematical knowledge, and his genius is evidently quite ſuperior to his knowledge; ſuch a one's opinion then ſurely claims as much attention, at leaſt, as that of your profeſſional dabblers in the art; as the ſpectator of a game often obſerves ſtrokes which eſcape thoſe who are at play. "I am ſurprized, ſays the gentleman, that any man of ſenſe does not bluſh to affirm it poſſible for two lines ſtill to approximate one another, and yet never to meet or interſect though produced *in infinitum*.—The belief of it offers violence to human reaſon. There is no axiom more evident than the impoſſibility of this; and he who attempts a demonſtration of it, may, with as good a grace, go about to prove, that things equal to the ſame are not equal to one another."

He might have added, that as it is the definition of parallel ſtraight lines, that though infinitely produced in both directions, they never meet; ſo it may, with equal certainty, be predicated of ſuch lines as are not parallel, that they muſt either terminate in, or originate from a point of divergency. This laſt, if claſſed with the definitions of Euclid, would meet with a ready aſſent, it may be preſumed, from all mathematicians; and yet, when the reverſe of this is propoſed, we, not indeed without ſome oppoſition from reaſon, ſuffer ourſelves to be juſtled and demonſtrated out of common ſenſe, and ſwallow and digeſt a palpable abſurdity, becauſe dignified names have invented a demonſtration of it.—Are we obliged to follow the multitude? Dare we not call in queſtion *ipſe dixits?*

Your mathematical readers cannot be unacquainted with the ſtory of Achilles and the ſnail; but as I owe my converſion in part to that, I cannot but mention it here which I ſhall do in common language from memory, as I have at preſent no book of philoſophy from which to tranſcribe it verbatim in a ſcientific manner.

Suppoſe then, ſays ſome one of your ancient philoſophical quibblers, there are two men, A and B; that A is twice as ſwift as B, and that he is to purſue B, who has a mile the ſtart of him; in this caſe A ſhall never overtake B.—For while A runs that mile, B will have run the half of the next mile; which while A runs, B runs a quarter; and while A runs that quarter, B runs one eighth of a mile; while A runs this eight part, B runs the ſixteenth; while A runs the ſixteenth, B runs the thirty-ſecond; while A runs that, B runs the ſixty-fourth, and ſo, *in infinitum*, there will be an interval, however ſmall, betwixt A and B. Here, if we truſt apparent demonſtration, and neglect common ſenſe, we have a paradox as myſterious as the aſſymptots and the hyperbola; and the demonſtration of the one is as well ſupported as that of the other. But this demonſtration is invalidated, by anſwering, that all the fractional parts of an integer carried downwards *in infinitum* by a common ratio, added together, do not amount to ſo much as the whole of that integer: for inſtance, the $\frac{1}{2}$, the 4th, the 8th, the 16th, the 32d, the 64th, and ſo *in infinitum* of any integer, as a mile, a pound, &c. collected, do not

make one mile or one pound; and common ſenſe more obviouſly replies, that B muſt be overtaken at the end of the very firſt mile he runs.

Now, what this is intended to ſhew is, that apparent demonſtration may terminate only in ſophiſtry; and ſince even contrary demonſtration, as here, have appeared in the world, we ought ſurely to ſuſpend our aſſent to their concluſions when thoſe contradict common ſenſe, and even axioms.—I do not pretend to be ſuch a profound connoiſſeur in conics, as to unfold the ſophiſtry of the aſſymptots; although I think, from the above it appears there may be ſome latent error in common demonſtration; and this being granted, it is next urged, that there muſt be one, as the concluſion contradicts a principle more evident than any poſtulate in the demonſtration. But having attempted to cancel and obliterate ſuch a capital article in the philoſopher's creed, I ſhall be deemed no more an orthodox ſon of *Alma Mater*, but a mathematical heretic; I muſt wait then with pleaſure till ſome canonical champion pronounce the ſentence; and, if after a regular and impartial trial, I am found guilty, *nem. con.* I ſhall acquieſce —It is ſome conſolation Dr Simpſon will not be one of the jury.

Yours, &c.

BORGUIENSIS.

November 20. 1779.

A LITERARY ODDITY.

To the PRINTER, *&c.*

SIR,

YOU have not for ſome time favoured us with an Oddity, which induced me to believe that you had exhauſted all the Oddities that could be met with; but having found one or two lately in my peregrinations, I ſhall exhibit them occaſionally to your readers. At preſent I ſhall produce one who merits diſſection for his falſe ambition, vanity, and impertinence. Scriblerus plumes himſelf upon his literary talents, though his ignorance is inceſſantly detected upon every ſubject he pretends to converſe on. He riſes pretty early in the morning, and goes to ſome obſcure coffee-houſe where he is not known; when having ſkimmed over the papers, if he has met with an eſſay of more than common merit, he immediately adopts it, runs about to all his acquaintance, ſaying he is juſt up, and has not had time to go to the coffee-houſe, but that he expects his letter muſt be in, as the printers always ſhew him a particular predilection. By this artifice he has gained ſome literary fame, and by this borrowed plumage has paſſed for a *Rara Avis* that ſoared beyond the eagle.

At the time that Junius ſhone in his meridian ſplendour, he adopted many letters under that ſignature, and would frequently in a half whiſper ſay, "I hope Woodfall won't give me up—No hang it, I am not afraid, he is too honeſt."

Scriblerus having eſtabliſhed an imaginary literary reputation upon this falſe baſis, began to fancy he had really thoſe talents which he claimed, and was unfortunate enough to pen ſome eſſays that were rejected, after he had announced their appearance on certain fixed days: one or two, however, have crept into the papers during the ſummer months, when the printers were at a loſs for matter, which have fully diſplayed the cloven foot. But finding his credit diminiſh, in proportion to his ſucceſs, he judged it prudent again to purloin inſtead of writing, and had the impudence this very day to adopt a letter, which I penned, in my preſence. "It is very odd, ſaid I, Sir, that your thoughts and mine ſhould be ſo entirely ſimilar upon this ſubject—Nay, not only our thoughts, but even our words." "I do not underſtand you, Sir," replied he; when pulling out the rough draft of the letter, which I happened to have in my pocket, and ſhewing it him, it ſo diſconcerted him, that he turned upon his heel, made a precipitate retreat from the Piazza Coffee-houſe, and in all probability we have thereby got rid of this impertinent coxcomb. Yours, &c.

Another Hunter of Oddities.

LOTTERY ANECDOTE.

MR SAUNDERS, Maſter, near Dartford, in Kent, had loſt a bank note, and his maid-ſervant ſweeping the counting-houſe found it, and threw it on the fire; but thinking it might be a paper of conſequence, ſnatched it up, and gave it to her maſter, who gave her a guinea for her care, and ſaid he would buy a lottery ticket with the note ſo ſaved, which ticket, No. 9213, was the ſecond prize of ten thouſand pounds.

POETRY.

SHAKESPEARE *in the* SHADES.

AS SHAKESPEARE rang'd over the regions below,
With the Muſes attending his ſide,
The firſt of his critics he met with was ROWE,
Tho' to keep out of ſight he had try'd.

"How comes it, friend Nicholas, (ſaid the old Bard,)
While Nick was preparing a ſpeech,
My ruins ſo coarſely by you were repair'd,
Who grace to the Graces could teach?

"Had the time you employed when the *Biter** you wrote,
So hiſs'd by the critical throng,
Been ſpent upon mending the holes in my coat,
I had not been ragged ſo long."

Rowe bluſh'd, and made way for diminutive Pope,
Whom Shakeſpeare addreſs'd with a frown,
And ſaid, "Some apology, ſure, I may hope
From you, and your friend in the gown†.

"Had the murd'rous knife which my plays has deſtroy'd,
By lopping full many a ſcene,
To make you a lover like him been employ'd,
How flat Cibber's letter had been!"

Pope ſneak'd off confounded, and Hanmer drew near,
Whoſe ſoftneſs a ſavage might melt;
So Shakeſpeare ſaid only, "Sir Thomas, I fear,
With gloves on my beauties you felt."

Supported by Caxton, by Winkin upheld,
Next Tibbald crept forward to fight;
"Is this (quoth the Poet) the thing that rebell'd,
And daſ'd even Pope to the fight?

"To kennel, good Tib, for a time will arrive
When all in their ſenſes ſhall know, (rive
That half of your conſequence, Tib, you de-
From the laſh of ſo envied a foe.

"Eight hundred old plays‡ thou declar'ſt thou haſt read;
How could'ſt thou the public ſo cozen?
For the traces I ſee, 'ſpite of what thou haſt ſaid,
Of not many more than a dozen.

"If all thou hadſt dug, how could Farmer, my Tib,
Or Stevens find gold in the mine?
Thy trade of attorney, ſure taught thee to fib,
And Truth was no client of thine.

"And yet, to appeaſe me for all thou haſt done,
And ſhew thou art truly my friend,
Go watch, and to me with intelligence run,
When JOHNSON and CAPEL deſcend.

"For JOHNSON with all his miſtakes I muſt love,
Even love from the injur'd he gains;
But CAPEL a comrade for Dullneſs will prove,
And him thou may'ſt take for thy pains."

THOUGHTS *on* DEATH.

IN youth, by hope remov'd to diſtant days,
Death's ſhadowy form no glancing eye diſmays:
In waning age, the palſied hand of fear
With all his terrors brings the ſpectre near:
Then Fancy, ſkilful in the Painter's art,
Shapes the grim feature, and projects the dart.
Man, wretched Man! whom lengthened woes attend,
Still clings to life, and fears his laſt, beſt friend;
Of pain and want, tenacious, gaſps for breath,
And tir'd, and reſtleſs, dreads the ſleep of death!
By age, and age's wants and woes grown wiſe,
I view thee, Death, tho' ne'er with placid eyes,
Thy haſtening ſtrides let ſuperſtition dread,
And Vice, too late repenting, hide her head;
For me, I find no terrors in thy face;
Parent of reſt and miniſter of grace:
O! lead me quickly to the bliſsful ſhore,
Where Fraud and Malice ſhall purſue no more.
With joy the ſailor, long by tempeſt toſt,
Spreads all his canvas for the riſing coaſt;
With joy the hind, his daily labour done,
Sees the broad ſhadow, and the ſetting ſun:
With joy the ſlave, worn out with tedious woes,
Beholds the hand that liberty beſtows;
So Death with joy my feeble voice ſhall greet,
My hand ſhall beckon, and my wiſh ſhall meet,
Nor dims the path that leads to his abode,
A God's bright foot-ſteps mark the lucid road.
O! let me trace the kind conducting ray,
And follow JESUS to th' realm of day!

LOTTERY, 1779.

OF taxes and burdens how Britons complain!
We are ruin'd the patriots agree; (gain
Yet to tax themſelves now how they hurry a-
When engag'd by the Lott'ry we ſee.

The tickets, the ſhares, and the chances they buy,
And on proving their luck they are bent:
'Tis a chance it while thus they their fortune would try
In the Lott'ry, ſome do not repent.

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* *The* Biter *was an attempt at Comedy, by Rowe, which was received with contempt.*

† *Warburton.*

‡ *There is ſuch an aſſertion in Tibbald's Preface to the firſt edition of his Shakeſpeare.*

When great princes, whom notions of dignity fill,
Or heroes, their enemies dare, (ſkill,
In ſpite of their honour, pride, valour, and
They find all a Lott'ry in war.

When the courtiers harangue with ſuch warmth and ſuch grace,
When the patriots put in their claim,
It is whiſper'd they dream of a penſion or place,
So a State Lott'ry place is their aim.

Theſe are prizes indeed—tho' their number be few,
By the learned in chances we're told,
That all ſhould their luck in the Lott'ry purſue,
Becauſe Fortune ſtill favours the bold.

From the rich and the poor, from the grave and the gay,
However their lot may be caſt,
We find, let philoſophers preach as they may,
That life's but a Lott'ry at laſt.

While the wheel of Dame Fortune turns conſtantly round,
We muſt all be controul'd by her pow'r;
And thus in life's Lott'ry we find ourſelves bound
Still to wait for the fortunate hour.

Let the Lott'ry proceed then: but let us be free,
Not for wealth, but contentment deviſe;
Content ſtill can ſweeten all ſtations we ſee,
And Freedom's an Engliſhman's prize.

SONG. *Written at the Requeſt of a Lady.*

Tune, *In Infancy.*

IF you can tell, ye Muſes ſay,
Where dwells the lovely maid,
That bloſſom'd in the pride of May,
Near yonder myrtle ſhade?
Direct me where the fair to find,
Ye bright celeſtial powers!
O bring me where with peace reſign'd,
She blooms amid the flow'rs.

In vain I ſearch the groves around,
And ev'ry ſylvan ſcene;
Among the woods ſhe is not found,
Nor wanders o'er the green.
O come then, fair one, to my breaſt,
And ev'ry pain remove;
Within theſe arms be ever bleſt
With conſtancy and love.

A GENERAL TOAST, *in imitation of the Song in the* School for Scandal.

HERE's to great North, at the helm ſo ſerene;
And to Manſfield, unmatch'd in twice fifty;
Here's to Lord Minden, at fighting ſo keen;
And here's to old Talbot the *thriſty*.

CHORUS.
Let the toaſt paſs,
Drink to the aſs,
And, zounds! do not make a wry face at the (glaſs.

Here's to the courtier who catches a prize;
And here's to the gaper with none, Sir;
Here's to Sir Fletcher with black ſcowling eyes,
And here's to Lord Rochford with *one*, Sir.
Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

Here's to old Amherſt, with his head crown'd with ſnow;
To Sandwich, who ſtill loves the *berry*;
And here's to Lord Stormont, with face full of woe;
And here's to Dick Rigby the merry.
Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

Let them be clumſy, or let them be ſlim;
Scots or Engliſh, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And *here's to their ſwinging together*.

CHORUS.
Let the toaſt paſs,
Drink to the aſs,
And, zounds! do not make a wry face at the glaſs.

An ECHO, *written about* 1645.

WHAT want'ſt thou that thou art in this ſad taking? *A king.*
What made him firſt remove hence his reſiding? *Staing.*
Did any here deny him ſatisfaction? *Faction.*
Tell me wherein the ſtrength of faction lyes? *On lies.*
What did thou when the king left his parliament? *Lament.*
What terms would'ſt give to gain his company? *Any*
What would'ſt thou do if here thou might'ſt behold him? *Hold him.*
But would'ſt thou ſave him with thy beſt endeavour? *Ever.*
But, if he comes not, what becomes of London? *Undone.*

On ſeeing a Dinner ſo dreſſed by two ſlovenly Cooks, that the Company could not eat it.

READ but Maw-wallop 'ere you eat,
And you will need but little meat;
Of beef, idea takes the place,
And fancy fills the ample ſpace:
Among ſuch filthy greaſy cooks,
You taſte your dinner in their looks.
The palate ſick'ning at the ſight,
Bids the poor appetite good night:
And frighten'd to the laſt degree,
The ſtomach fairly runs away.

THE REVIEW.

A VIEW *of* SOCIETY *and* MANNERS *in* France, Switzerland, *and* Germany: *With Anecdotes relating to ſome Eminent Characters. By Dr* Moore. [P. 234.]

THIS entertaining traveller again claims our attention. During his ſtay at Geneva, his noble pupil was induced to viſit the famous Glaciers of Savoy; and the Doctor's account of theſe tremendous productions of nature is curious and picturesque.

"WE began pretty early in the morning to aſcend Montanvert, from the top of which there is eaſy acceſs to the Glacier of that name, and to the valley of ice.

"Our mules carried us from the inn acroſs the valley, and even for a conſiderable way up the mountain, which, at length, became ſo exceedingly ſteep, that we were obliged to diſmount and ſend them back. Mr U—— only, who had been here before, and was accuſtomed to ſuch expeditions, continued without compunction on his mule till he got to the top, riding fearleſs over rocks which a goat or chamois would have paſſed with caution.

"In this laſt animal, which is to be found on theſe mountains only, are blended the different qualities of the goat and the deer.—It is ſaid to have more agility than any other quadruped poſſeſſed of the ſame degree of ſtrength.

"After aſcending four hours, we gained the ſummit of Montanvert. The day was remarkably fine, the objects around noble and majeſtic, but in ſome reſpects different from what I had expected.

"The valley Chamouni had diſappeared:—Mount Breven ſeemed to have crept wonderfully near; and if I had not juſt croſſed the plain which ſeparates the two mountains, and is a mile in breadth, I ſhould have concluded that their baſes were in contact, and that their diſtance above was ſolely owing to the diminution in the ſize of all mountains towards the ſummit. Judging from the eye alone, I ſhould have thought it poſſible to have thrown a ſtone from the place where I ſtood to Mount Breven.

"There is a chain of mountains behind Montanvert, all covered with ſnow, which terminate in four diſtinct rocks, of a great height, having the appearance of narrow pyramids or ſpires. They are called the Needles; and each has a diſtinct name.—Mount Blanc, ſurrounded by Montanvert, Mount Breven, the Needles, and other ſnowy mountains, appears like a giant among pygmies.

"The height which we had now attained was ſo far on our way up this mountain. I was therefore equally ſurprized and mortified to find, after an aſcent of three thouſand feet, that Mount Blanc ſeemed as high here as when we were in the valley.

"Having aſcended Montanvert from Chamouni, on deſcending a little on the other ſide, we found ourſelves on a plain, whoſe appearance has been aptly compared to that which a ſtormy ſea would have, if it were ſuddenly arreſted and fixed by a ſtrong froſt. This is called the Valley of Ice. It ſtretches ſeveral leagues behind Montanvert, and is reckoned 2300 feet higher than the valley of Chamouni.

"From the higheſt part of Montanvert we had all the following objects under our eye, ſome of which ſeemed to obſtruct the view of others equally intereſting;—the Valley of Ice, the Needles, Mount Blanc, with the ſnowy mountains below, finely contraſted with Breven, and the green hills on the oppoſite ſide of Chamouni, and the ſun in full ſplendour ſhowing all of them to the greateſt advantage. The whole forms a ſcene equally ſublime and beautiful, far above my power of deſcription, and worthy of the eloquence of that very ingenious gentleman, who has ſo finely illuſtrated theſe ſubjects in a particular treatiſe, and given ſo many examples of both in his parliamentary ſpeeches.

"While we remained in contemplation of this ſcene, ſome of the company obſerved, that from the top of one of the Needles the proſpect would be ſtill more magnificent, as the eye could ſtretch over Breven beyond Geneva, all the way to Mount Jura, and comprehend the Pays de Vallais, and many other mountains and vallies.

"This excited the ambition of the D—ke of H————n. He ſprung up, and made towards the Aiguille du Dru, which is the higheſt of the four Needles. Though he bounded over the ice with the elaſticity of a young chamois, it was

a conſiderable time before he could arrive at the foot of the Needle:—for people are greatly deceived as to diſtances in thoſe ſnowy regions.

"Should he get near the top, ſaid Mr G———, looking after him with eagerneſs, he will ſwear we have ſeen nothing—but I will try to mount as high as he can; I am not fond of ſeeing people above me. So ſaying, he ſprung after him.

"In a ſhort time we ſaw them both ſcrambling up the rock:—The D—ke had gained a conſiderable height, when he was ſuddenly ſtopped by a part of the rock which was perfectly impracticable (for his impetuoſity had prevented him from chuſing the eaſieſt way); ſo Mr G——— overtook him.

"Here they had time to breathe and cool a little. The one being determined not to be ſurpaſſed, the other thought the exploit not worth his while, ſince the honour muſt be divided. So, like two rival powers, who have exhauſted their ſtrength by a fruitleſs conteſt, they returned, fatigued and diſappointed, to the place from which they had ſet out.

"After a very agreeable repaſt on the proviſions and wine which our guides had brought from the Prieuré, we paſſed, by an eaſy deſcent, from the green part of Montanvert to the Valley of Ice. A walk upon this frozen ſea is attended with inconveniencies. In ſome places the ſwellings, which have been compared to waves, are forty or fifty feet high; yet, as they are rough, and the ice intermingled with ſnow, one may walk over them. In other parts thoſe waves are of a very moderate ſize, and in ſome places the ſurface is quite level.

"What renders a paſſage over this valley ſtill more difficult and dangerous is, the rents in the ice, which are to be met with whatever direction you follow. Theſe rents are from two to ſix feet wide, and of an amazing depth; reaching from the ſurface of the valley through a body of ice many hundred fathoms thick. On throwing down a ſtone, or any other ſolid ſubſtance, we could hear the hollow murmur of its deſcent for a very long time, ſounding like far diſtant waves breaking upon rocks.

"Our guides, emboldened by habit, ſkipped over theſe rents without any ſign of fear, though they informed us, that they had often ſeen freſh clefts formed while they walked on the valley. They added, indeed, for our encouragement, that this was always preceded by a loud continued noiſe, which gave warning of what was to happen.

"It is evident however, that this warning, though it ſhould always precede the rent, could be of little uſe to thoſe who had advanced to the middle of the valley; for they neither could know certainly in what direction to run, nor could they have time to get off: and in caſe the ice ſhould yawn directly under their feet, they muſt inevitably periſh.—But probably few accidents of that kind happen; and this has greater influence than any reaſoning upon the ſubject.

"It is ſuppoſed, that the ſnow and ice at the bottom melting by the warmth of the earth, leave great vacancies in the form of vaults. Theſe natural arches ſupport for a long time an amazing weight of ice and ſnow;—for there is a vaſt diſtance from the bottom to the ſurface of this valley.—But the ice beneath continuing to diſſolve, and the ſnow above to increaſe, the arches muſt at laſt give way, which occaſions the noiſe and rents above-mentioned. Water, alſo, which may have fallen from the ſurface into the clefts, or is lodged by any means in this great maſs of ſnow, will, by its ſudden expanſion in the act of freezing, occaſion new rents at the ſurface.

"We had heard a great deal of the havock made by avalanches. Theſe are formed of ſnow driven by the winds againſt the higheſt and moſt protuberant parts of rocks and mountains, where it hardens and adheres ſometimes till a prodigious maſs is accumulated. But when theſe ſupporters are able to ſuſtain the increaſing weight no longer, the avalanche falls at once, hurrying large portions of the looſened rock or mountain along with it;—and rolling from a vaſt height, with a thundering noiſe, to the valley, involves in certain deſtruction all the trees, houſes, cattle, and men, which lie in its way.

"The greater part of thoſe who have made a journey to the Glaciers have ſeen one or more of theſe avalanches in the very act of falling, and have themſelves always eſcaped by miracle—Juſt as moſt people who have made a ſingle voyage by ſea, if it were only between Dover and Calais, have met with a ſtorm, and very narrowly eſcaped ſhipwreck.

"All that any of our party can boaſt is, that during the nights we lay at Cha-

mouni, we frequently heard a noiſe like diſtant thunder, which, we were told, was occaſioned by the falling of ſome of theſe ſame avalanches at a few miles diſtance. And during our excurſions, we ſaw trees deſtroyed, and tracts of ſoil torn from the ſides of the mountains, over which the avalanches were ſaid to have rolled two or three years before we paſſed. Theſe were the narroweſt eſcapes we made. I heartily wiſh the ſame good luck to all travellers, whatever account they themſelves may chuſe to give to their friends when they return.

" The Valley of Ice is ſeveral leagues in length, and not above a quarter of a league in breadth It divides into branches, which run behind the chain of mountains formerly taken notice of. It appears like a frozen amphitheatre, and is bounded by mountains, in whoſe clefts columns of cryſtal, as we were informed, are to be found.—The hoary majeſty of Mount Blanc * * * * * * * I was in danger of riſing into poetry, when recollecting the ſtory of Icarus, I thought it beſt not to truſt to my own waxen wings.—I beg leave rather to borrow the following lines, which will pleaſe you better than any flight of mine, and prevent me from a fall :

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of froſt)
Riſe white in air, and glitter o'er the coaſt,
Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away,
And on th' impreſſive ice the lightnings play ;
Eternal ſnows the growing maſs ſupply,
Fill the bright mountains, prop th' incumbent ſky ;
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thouſand years.

" Having walked a conſiderable time on the valley, and being ſufficiently regaled with ice, we at length thought of returning to our cottage at Prieuré.—Our guides led us down by a ſhorter and ſteeper way than that by which we had aſcended; and in about two hours after we had begun our deſcent, we found ourſelves at the bottom of the mountain. This rapid manner of deſcending moſt people find more ſevere upon the muſcles of the legs and thighs than even the aſcent. For my own part, I was very near exhauſted; and as we were ſtill a couple of miles diſtant from our lodgings, it was with the greateſt ſatisfaction that I ſaw our obſequious mules in waiting to carry us to our cottage; where, having at laſt arrived, and being aſſembled in a ſmall room, excluded from the view of icy vallies, cryſtal hills, and ſnowy mountains, with nothing before us but humble objects, a cold meat, coarſe bread, and poor wine, we contrived to paſs an hour before going to bed in talking over the exploits of the day, and the wonders we had ſeen.—Whether there is greater pleaſure in this, or in viewing the ſcenes themſelves, is a queſtion not yet decided by the caſuiſts.

[*To be continued.*]

PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS *of the Royal Society of London. Vol. LXVIII. For the Year* 1778. *Part. II.* [P. 212.]

Art. XXXVII. EXPERIMENTS on electricity, being an attempt to ſhew the advantage of elevated pointed conductors. By Mr Edward Nairne, F.R.S.—After briefly and clearly ſtating the different opinions on this matter, Mr Nairne proceeds to relate the experiments, which are exceedingly clear and convincing; and occaſionally illuſtrated with pertinent obſervations and deductions.

Art. XXXVIII. On the uſe of an Amalgam of Zinc, for the purpoſe of Electrical Excitation, &c. By Bryant Higgins, M D.—In this ſhort letter Dr Higgins declares the amalgam of zinc which contains four times more quickſilver than zinc, is much fitter for electrical excitation than the common tin amalgam. And " that electrical cylinders are eaſily and effectually cleaned by applying to them a piece of the ſkin of the dog fiſh whilſt the cylinders are turned round "

Art. XXXIX. Chemical Experiments and Obſervations on Lead Ore. By Richard Watſon, D. D F. R. S.—Theſe experiments and obſervations are concerning the ſpecific gravity of lead ore and of the ſpar with which it is commonly mixed; the conſtituent parts of lead ore; the quantity of lead and of each of the other conſtituent parts obtained from a certain quantity of the ore; and of the colours which uſually appear on the pellicle which covers the top of melted lead. This is a curious paper, and may lead to ſome practical uſes. The experiments are clear and ſimple, and the obſervations

pertinent and judicious. Of any quantity of clean lead ore, about two thirds is pure lead, as is generally obtained from it in melting; the remaining third part conſiſts of various other ſubſtances, and of theſe Dr Watſon has diſcovered common ſulphur, air, and a fluid; the quantity of pure ſulphur being between one-eight and one-ninth of the original weight of ore. He throws out hints for turning his diſcoveries to advantage in practice; and diſcovers that a ſmall portion of tin melted in lead, deprives it of the quality of exhibiting colours on the pellicle.

Art. XL. Deſcription of a moſt effectual Method of ſecuring Buildings againſt Fire, invented by Charles Lord Viſcount Mahon, F. R. S.—This account is inſerted intire in our Magazine, P. 202. 250.

Arts. XLI and XLII. Two Mathematical Papers on ſome intricate Rules of Sir Iſaac Newton, by Baron Materes.

Art. XLIII. Account of the Advantages of a newly-invented Machine much varied in its effects, and very uſeful for determining the perfect Proportion between different Moveables acting by Levers and Wheel and Pinion. By Mr Le Cert, watch-maker at Geneva; communicated by Lord Viſcount Mahon, F. R. S.—His Lordſhip accompanied the communication with the following ſhort letter, which may ſerve here for an account of this paper:

"To S. Horſley, LL. D. S. R. S.

"Sir, Having received from Mr Le Cerf, watch-maker at Geneva, two inſtruments of his invention, with the annexed paper; and being deſired by him to preſent them to the Royal Society, I take the liberty of ſending them to you, as ſecretary of that learned body. I have peruſed this intereſting treatiſe, which contains ſome new and valuable thoughts upon the relative ſize of wheels and pinions working together; and this being one of the things of the moſt general uſe, with reſpect to the improvement and eaſy execution of clocks, watches, and all kinds of wheel machines, this paper appears to me to be very worthy of the attention of the Society. It is to be regretted, that the author does not enter into a greater and more minute detail upon the ſhape of the working teeth, &c. as this, in my opinion, will, in ſeveral caſes, materially affect the very ſimple, general rules which he has elegantly laid down. I am, Sir, with true regard, your very obedient, humble ſervant,

MAHON."

We cannot commend the manner in which the author has drawn up this paper; and the want of the drawings of the machine appears to us to be a very great defect.

Art. XLIV. New Experiments upon the Leyden Phial, reſpecting the Termination of Conductors. By B. Wilſon, Eſq; F. R. S.—When experiments ſeem to be made with the view of confirming a conteſted hypotheſis, either their accuracy, or the inferences drawn from them, often become liable to objection. It is, therefore, not improbable, that the doctrine maintained by theſe experiments may hereafter be invalidated by others of an oppoſite tendency.

Art. XLV. Obſervations on the Solar Eclipſe which happened June 24. 1778. By Mr William Wales, F. R. S. and Maſter of the Royal Mathematical School in Chriſt's Hoſpital.—Theſe obſervations have the appearance of great accuracy, and the circumſtances are clearly regiſtered.

Art. XLVI. An Eclipſe of the Sun, June 24. 1778, obſerved at Leiceſter. By the rev. Mr Ludlam, Vicar of Norton, near Leiceſter; communicated by the Aſtronomer Royal.—We have here the obſervations of the beginning and end only, with thoſe for ſetting the time, and a determination of the latitude of the place (Leiceſter), which is 4′ 35″ time eaſt of the Greenwich obſervatory.

Art. XLVII. A ready way of lighting a Candle, by a very moderate Electrical Spark. By John Ingenhouſz, M. D. F. R. S.—The author ſays he does not require more than half a minute to light his candle, and that he finds it a readier method than kindling it by flint and ſteel, or calling a ſervant.

Art. XLVIII. Electrical Experiments, to explain how far the Phenomena of the Electrophorus may be accounted for by Dr Franklin's Theory of poſitive and negative Electricity; being the annual Lecture inſtituted by the Will of Henry Baker, Eſq; F. R. S. By John Ingenhouſz, M. D. F. R. S.—A ſenſible and ingenious diſcourſe.

Art. XLIX. Obſervations and Experiments tending to confirm Dr Ingenhouſz's Theory of the Electrophorus; and to ſhew the Impermeability of Glaſ-

ſes to Electric Fluid. By W. Henly, F. R. S.—Theſe experiments are ingenious, and clearly prove what the author propoſes by them.

Art. L. Tract of the armed Brig Lion from England to Davis's Straits, Labrador, Weſt coaſt of Greenland, &c. With Obſervations for determining the Longitude by the Sun and Moon, and the Error of the Common Reckoning; with the Variation of the Compaſs of the Dip of the Needle, in the year 1776. By Lieutenant Richard Pickerſgill, late Commander of the ſaid Veſſel; communicated by Nevil Maſkelyne, D. D. F. R. S. and Aſtronomer Royal.

The Volume concludes with a liſt of the preſents made to the Royal Society in the courſe of the year, and a copious alphabetical Index to the Volume cloſes the whole.

FOUR LETTERS *to the Earl of* CARLISLE, *from* WILLIAM EDEN, *Eſq; 8vo. 1s. 6d.* Fleming, Edinburgh. [P. 262.]

IN our laſt we gave ſome account of, and an extract from the ſecond of theſe Letters, relative to the preſent war;—We ſhall now lay before our readers this ſenſible writer's opinion of taxes, and their proper objects.—After treating at great length the general ſubject of financing, the various modes of taxation in different countries, and the progreſſive increaſe of our national debt,—he proceeds:

"THERE is every reaſon to hope, that under the four conſiderations of new taxes, increaſe of particular ſubſiſting taxes, improvements in the preſent modes of collecting, and appropriations of public claims, poſſeſſions, and contingencies, there are ample, eaſy, and ſure reſources for many years:

"1. Under the head of luxuries there remain many objects to aſſiſt the revenue, and new ones daily ariſe to exerciſe the talents of a financier. It is an old-faſhioned witticiſm, that of all mines of public revenue vanity is the moſt inexhauſtible, and the eaſieſt to be worked.

"*To catch the manners living as they riſe,*"

is an uſeful art in taxation; it muſt be exerciſed, however, with gentleneſs; nor muſt it bear hard upon objects which exiſt rather in the caprice than in the convenience of the conſumer, and which, from their intrinſic value, cannot bear any conſiderable impoſt. In 1767, 1,500,000l. was borrowed on a duty upon ladies chip hats; the duty was made larger in proportion to the value, that it might be productive; the conſequence was, that chip hats were diſcontinued, and the tax produced nothing.

"The articles of luxury, which are not of mere vanity, but of general utility, are extremely numerous in a rich and populous country like this. And though it muſt be confeſſed that this field of taxation, which is highly productive in its nature, has been reaped with great induſtry, there are ſeveral good gleanings ſtill to be collected from it. A tax on all ſaddle-horſes might, perhaps, be laid and levied much in the ſame manner as the late tax upon ſervants: Such a tax would certainly be productive; and if it ſhould operate in any degree as a diſcouragement to that ſpecies of expence, it would not be unfavourable to agriculture; the retrenching of individuals in this article would operate in favour of others more beneficial to the revenue; and the importation of foreign oats, which is at preſent conſiderable, would be reduced. A moderate tax, however, would not occaſion any check or revulſion in the preſent ſyſtem of expence; and if ſuch a tax were extended to the coach and chaiſe horſes of private perſons, it would give ſome little collateral ſupport to the preſent tax on poſt-horſes. The laſt-mentioned tax being at 33 1-3d *per cent.* is thought by ſome too high, and to have given a ſudden check to that mode of expence. This may be ſo in ſome degree; but we muſt alſo take into the account the diſpoſition which men feel to evade the operation of every new tax; and alſo the preſent circumſtance of the camps, which prevent much of the general intercourſe at other times going forwards through the kingdom; and it is more ſeverely felt by the innkeepers, becauſe they are, at the ſame time, expoſed to great loſſes and hardſhips from the frequent marchings and quarterings of troops for the public ſervice. There can be little doubt but that the poſting buſineſs will gradually recover its tone. In the mean time this tax, tho' it may in ſome degree lower the produce of the wheel duty, and indirectly other minuter taxes, is very productive; and it will be much improved whenever the door is cloſed againſt ſome frauds, to which the preſent mode of collection is open, and which have alſo crept in

through the exemptions given by the act of parliament.

"Printed pamphlets and hand-bills are not unfair nor unpromiſing objects for a ſmall ſtamp-tax. Nor would learning ſuffer, or its productions be diſcouraged, if books were moderately taxed. Bills of entrances, clearances, cockets, and other formal papers uſed in commercial tranſactions, are certainly numerous enough to make a ſmall ſtamp-duty very productive; theſe however, are objects which require caution and previous enquiry. A new ſtamp-duty on certificates to be given to all perſons qualifying themſelves for lucrative offices and employments, might be laid with much leſs ſcruple.

"Public places of amuſement are with ſome a favourite object for a ſlight impoſt. But this meaſure would, perhaps, be grating to the feelings of the people, beyond other more productive taxes, and, if it operated as a diſcouragement to places of public amuſement, would collaterally affect other ſources of revenue.

"The *viceſſima hæreditatum* of the Romans has long been adopted by the Dutch, in regard to all collateral ſucceſſions of property; and ſome of the Dutch regulations might be borrowed with advantage, if any inſtitution of the ſame kind were adopted here. Many ſucceſſive Engliſh miniſters have had it in contemplation, but have always found it liable to difficulty, and open to much evaſion, from the nature of Britiſh property, both real and perſonal, and from the various eſtabliſhed modes of truſts and transfers. Such a tax, if eſtabliſhed, would in many caſes be paid with perfect chearfulneſs to a conſiderable amount, and in others would contribute towards drawing ſomething to the revenue from long minorities, where there is much property hoarding and increaſing under the protection of the public, without paying any proportion towards the public expence.

"2. The augmentation of ſubſiſting taxes is a moſt uſeful expedient, wherever the commodity to be taxed will bear the additional impoſt; becauſe there is a probable foreknowledge of the produce, and little expence in the collection. It has hitherto been found in moſt inſtances, that our general conſumption has gained ground under the preſſure of increaſed taxes; but there is a point beyond which particular duties cannot advance, without the hazard of a fall, from which they may never riſe again. Indigo was a principal product of Jamaica, and flouriſhed much under the old duties; but when the legiſlature impoſed three ſhillings and ſixpence *per* pound on it, the planters dropped the cultivation entirely; and though the parliament repealed the tax, the people were either unable or unwilling to recover the manufacture, which in 1747 revived in the Carolinas, and was ſupported by a Britiſh bounty.

"There is no doubt that ſtamp-duties might be increaſed with advantage in many caſes, according to the value of the ſums or property to be ſecured or transferred. A ſmall duty of regiſtration might alſo be required on the transfer of ſome particular ſpecies of property; ſuch a duty, however, would fall frequently upon the ſeller, under ſuch circumſtances as to operate in aggravation of diſtreſs. A conſiderable ſtamp-duty on the probates of wills, on letters of adminiſtration, and on the copies of all wills, was granted by an act of the laſt ſeſſion; but the proving of wills was not at the ſame time ſufficiently enforced.

"The entire abolition of franks would undoubtedly be attended with an additional revenue, which might moderately be eſtimated at 80,000l. a-year; many aukward and expenſive arrangements muſt however be ſubſtituted in reſpect to correſpondence on parliamentary and official buſineſſes. Public expediency may in due time require ſuch a meaſure; it would, however, be matter of ſome regret to ſee parliament deprived of an old, and not unreaſonable diſtinction.

"Some reſpectable writers have propoſed as a good meaſure to equalize the land-tax. I may poſſibly be miſled by a partiality towards our own part of England; but I conceive ſuch an idea to be replete with objections. It is always dangerous to change the eſtabliſhed courſe of a very productive tax: It would in this inſtance be unjuſt, becauſe the proprietors of low-rated eſtates have, in many inſtances, purchaſed them upon the faith of a ſettled and permanent tax: It would be inexpedient, becauſe it would operate as a puniſhment on late improvements, and would ruin many landlords now in a courſe of beneficial cultivation. It has hitherto beem deemed the beſt feature of our land tax that is not ſubject to variations. It may be true that the rent of lands alone amounts to twenty millions ſterling; and that the land-tax, taken at one-fifth, not only of all the land-rents

but of all houſe-rents, and of the intereſt of all capital ſtock, produces a ſum equal to one-tenth only of twenty millions: But a dry deduction of arithmetic is no juſt argument for a forcible and violent operation of revenue. The more plauſible arrangement of levelling the whole preſent duty to two ſhillings, in order to collect it upon a new ſurvey and equal valuation, is expoſed to all the ſame objections. It might, however, be leſs unfair, if a fifth ſhilling were ever to be granted, to take that addition upon a new valuation.

"It is the opinion of ſome credible and well-informed men, that the bounties paid on corn operate little with the farmer, either directly or indirectly, as an encouragement to that branch of agriculture; that they accrue to the benefit chiefly of artful factors, are ſometimes fraudulently managed and received upon corn, which is actually brought back to the kingdom, ſometimes even without quitting our coaſts; and that, admitting thoſe bounties to have hitherto had the ſalutary effect aſcribed to them (which however is diſputable), they are at preſent a ſource of much unavailing expence to the kingdom. I underſtand the ſubject too imperfectly to ſay more than that, in fact, the expence ſometimes exceeds 300,000 l. a-year, and that the annual ſaving of one half of that ſum would be equal to the intereſt of a loan of five millions.

"There are other exiſting bounties which may deſerve an enquiry; and it is a common ſuſpicion too, that many frauds have crept into the whole buſineſs of drawbacks, as well by the re-exportation of foreign goods, which are afterwards re-landed for home conſumption, as by favourable certificates on manufactured materials, and by other modes, to the diſadvantage of fair trade, and to the great detriment of the revenue."

[*To be concluded in our next*]

A LETTER *to the Right Hon Lord Viſcount* HOWE, *on his Naval Conduct in the* American *War*. 8*vo*. 1*s*. Wilkie, London.

THIS letter commences with obſerving, that an unaccountable ſilence has prevailed reſpecting Lord H——'s conduct in America; whether this be owing to the general eſteem for his Lordſhip's naval abilities, or to the attention of the public being engaged by the actions of his brother. The author, however, endeavours to do juſtice to the character of the right hon. Admiral, which, however, receives no advantage from ſo ſtrong an elucidation.

In the firſt place, his Lordſhip is cenſured, in a ſtrain of very forcible argument, for not carrying into effect the commiſſion with which he and his brother were inveſted, towards terminating the diſpute with the Colonies by an amicable accommodation. Inſtead of zealouſly endeavouring to accompliſh this purpoſe, his Lordſhip is alledged to have actually proſecuted ſuch meaſures as were evidently calculated to obſtruct that deſign.

His Lordſhip is next blamed for the moſt unjuſtifiable inactivity and miſconduct, in directing the operations of the naval department. It is ſaid, that in 1776, he had *ſixty-ſix*, and in the year following *eighty one* veſſels of war, of every ſize and draught of water that could poſſibly be of ſervice in that country; a number more than ſufficient to line the whole coaſt, from Boſton to Savannah; while the naval force of the Congreſs was no more than *twelve* veſſels of war, of the ſmaller ſize, and none exceeding *thirty-two* guns. This ſtate of the naval force on both ſides is authenticated by a ſpecific liſt of the veſſels. Notwithſtanding this prodigious diſparity of numbers, it is obſerved, that his Lordſhip never once attempted to derive any benefit from his ſuperiority; and that even in annoying the trade of the rebels, he purſued ſuch ſteps as were apparently leſs intended effectually to reſtrain their commerce, than to render it ſubſervient to the private emolument of the Admiral. The various facts adduced by the author of the Letter are ſupported by ſtrong arguments, and ſeem fully to evince, what has been long ſuſpected, that the unſucceſsful proſecution of the war has been owing to the egregious miſconduct, if not to a yet more culpable delinquency, of our Commanders. C.

An Account of a new Comedy called THE TIMES, *performed on Friday the 3d inſt. for the firſt time at* Drury-Lane *Theatre.*

THIS Comedy is ſaid to be the production of Mrs Griffith, author of the Double Miſtake, and the School for Rakes. The whole plot is evidently founded on Moore's tragedy of the

Gameſter, of which this play is a direct counterpart.

The characters were thus repreſented: Sir William Woodley, *Mr King*; Mr Woodley, *Mr Brereton*; Col. Montfort, *Mr Palmer*; Counſellor Belford, *Mr Benſley*; Mr Bromley, *Mr Aickin*; Sir Harry Granger, *Mr La Maſh*; Edward, *Mr Baddeley*; Waters, *Mr Wrighten*; James, *Mr Burton*; Lady Mary Woodley, *Mrs Abington*; Louiſa, *Mrs Brereton*; Mrs Bromley, *Miſs Pope*; Mrs Henpeck, *Miſs Kirby*; Spitfire, *Miſs Collet*; Maid, *Mrs Coles*.

The fable is as follows.

Young Woodley having married a gay woman of quality, contrary to the will of his crabbed old uncle, gives in to all the fathionable diſſipation of the Times. Sir William diſapproving of their conduct, refuſes to ſee them; but enjoins their going to their country ſeat in Dorſetſhire, in order to prevent that ruin which muſt otherwiſe attend them. —This advice, however, is diſregarded, for Woodley purſues his paſſion for play with one Bromley a ſharper, whom he got acquainted with at Spa, whoſe wife being on a viſit at Lady Woodley's, lends likewiſe a helping hand to complete their deſtruction. Sir William, croſſed in his views for his nephew, is determined, however, if poſſible, to wed his niece Louiſa to a man of his own choice, and for that purpoſe fixes upon his friend Counſellor Belford, to whom, after an equivocal converſation, he at length unfolds himſelf. Belford heſitates to comply with ſo flattering a propoſal for ſome time, till he is perſuaded that Sir William can immediately work the Lady to compliance; ſoon after which he waits upon Louiſa, juſt at the time that ſhe was going to write to him for his advice and aſſiſtance, having that moment been informed by her uncle, that ſhe was to be married that day week to a perſon he had even refuſed to name.—Belford, finding in the courſe of this interview Louiſa's attachment to Colonel Montfort, not only generouſly declines her uncle's offer in his favour, but promiſes to forward their union as much as lies in his power.—Col. Montfort, who had previouſly imparted his love for Louiſa to her brother, and received his warmeſt approbation of of it, now waits upon Sir William to aſk his conſent, who very laconically tells him that ſhe is already married, or, what was the ſame thing, had his word for it, which all the Kings and emperors in the world ſhould not revoke. Col. Montfort ſtrives in vain to learn the name of his rival, and therefore retires abruptly, in order to ſatisfy himſelf concerning ſo extraordinary a myſtery. Belford now re-enters to Sir William, and, to his utter aſtoniſhment, declines the honour he intended him, and attempts an explanation of his conduct, which Sir William's choler will not allow him. The old gentleman now repents his raſhneſs in ſo haſtily refuſing Col. Montfort, a young man of excellent character and fortune.—Young Woodley's diſtreſſes becoming hourly more preſſing, and ſeveral executions being about to be ſent into his houſe, he at laſt unfolds his ſituation to Lady Mary, who inſtantly reſolves on quitting every ſcene of public diſſipation, and retiring into the country, where they might live as happily, if not as ſplendidly as ever on her jointure, which yet remained. Louiſa carries the tidings of this reſolution to Sir William, who begins to ſoften at this act of their compliance; but fears that Louiſa will be unable to bear her own diſappointment when ſhe learns that the man he had choſen for her had refuſed her at his hands; wiſhing at the ſame time that he might be able to prevail upon her to accept of Colonel Montfort in lieu of him, which he eaſily effects, with no ſmall ſatisfaction to himſelf. Bromley having a bond for ſix thouſand pounds and upwards, won of Woodley by play, enters it up, and ſends the-riff's officers into his houſe to arreſt his perſon, at the time that a large card route was aſſembled therein. Col. Montfort, however, in the moſt generous manner, liberates his friend, by becoming ſecurity for the diſcharge of the debt. Louiſa goes a ſecond time to her uncle, and tells him of the unhappy circumſtance; Sir William being touched at the relation of it, returns with her to his nephew's houſe, where he diſſipates all ſorrow, by uniting the hands of Col. Montfort and Louiſa, and amply providing for the neceſſities of his nephew, whom he now reſtores to his favour.

Great juſtice was done to the piece in the performance. The Prologue was ſpoken by Mr King; it was much too grave. The Epilogue was inexpreſſibly heavy. It was delivered by Miſs Farren, who in vain laboured to give it effect.

EDINBURGENSIS, J. W. G. H. G. Sorry, *and* Borguienſis, *are received, and will be attended to.*